

ON THE TRAIL OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

This Distinguished American Journalist Is Traveling Around the World for the Purpose of Investigating the American Foreign Missionary from a Purely Disinterested, Secular and Non-Sectarian Standpoint. Illustrated with Drawings and from Photographs.

PORT ARTHUR NOW SCENE OF RELIGIOUS CONFLICT

Port Arthur, Manchuria.—Port Arthur, Dairen (or Dairen, or Tairen, as the Japanese indiscriminately call it) and the entire Liaotung peninsula are a center of interest to those who watch the struggle for supremacy between antagonistic religions that is one of the important phases of the complex far eastern question. Here, on Japan's newly acquired territory, it is to be demonstrated whether or not her Christianity is to expand along with the borders of the empire, or whether the old faiths, Buddhism and Shintoism, are to follow the sun flag. As this great promontory represents, geographically, greater Japan, its strategic importance as a field of religious conflict is apparent at once.

An investigator of religious conditions may find Japanese Christianity here, of a specially significant type. And he will also notice the lack of idols, shrines and temples that confront one at every turn on the island which the Japanese now call "the mainland." Chinese shrines remain, but these, as in China, are comparatively few. Of interest to the western world is the fact that the only new missionary agency that has come in since the war is a veteran American missionary, Rev. T. C. Winn, one of the leaders of the Presbyterian force in Japan.

A New City That Looks Deserted.
A creepy feeling possesses the visitor upon his entrance into the edict-made city of Dairen, upon which the czar had centered such great hopes and lavished such vast expenditure. It seems like a deserted city; yet it is full of people. A sense of perversion haunts one; for here is a big, substantial European city, with rows of attractive brick houses, and all the outward tokens of a prosperous west-

ern community; and yet there are less than a dozen white men in all Dairen. One may live here for days without seeing a Caucasian face. White hands built these houses and streets and a white brain designed it all. But now the squat Chinese town off toward the hills is no more oriental than the population of Dairen, although externally the city appears to be the antipodes of any Japanese settlement.

The signs of ruin and defeat on every hand are depressing. Some of the finer buildings were burned by the Russian forces before they evacuated, and no attempt has been made to tear down or reconstruct these. Others are in sad disrepair, simply because the Japanese, who are camping in them, do not know the use of the buildings, which are so unlike their own. The windows are curtainless and shutterless. Bricks are falling and decomposing. The very metal storks that stand guard on the eaves of the houses are tumbling unheeded to the ground. The dwellings are going to ruin and their occupants are uncomfortable; thus nobody is satisfied. So numerous, however, is the Japanese population that it is impossible to rent a house; the American consul could not be transferred because he could not get a home for his family.

Good order is preserved in this strange city. The Japanese are entirely masters of the situation. There are no Russians, and more Chinese than Japanese. The former are the coolies, the jirikisha men, the drivers of the low Russian carriages, or droskas, and the workmen generally. While it is plain that the Japanese are in command, there is none of the overbearing attitude, browbeating and oppression that are so apparent in Korea. Toward the country which it has really conquered Japan is gentler than toward its friendly neighbor, Korea.

Soon after the war was over—indeed, before the Portsmouth treaty had been signed—the Japanese Christians in Dairen began to get together. Their leader was the man in charge of the entire commissary department of the army. The same energy and efficiency displayed in keeping the widely-separated host of soldiers fed has always characterized this man's religious activities. When he had organized the Christians, who were mostly army officers, into a church, the question of securing a pastor arose.

Thereupon a unique distinction was conferred upon one of the veteran missionaries of Japan, Rev. T. C. Winn, a Presbyterian of Osaka. Mr. Winn had always been engaged in pioneer work. Before going to Osaka he had been the first missionary at Kanazawa, on the east coast, and

many times he had been mobbed. Once he found a mob, armed with knives, stones and sharpened bamboo poles (which make the wickedest of spears) waiting outside his meeting, and even tearing down the walls to get at him. He calmly went out, faced them for a moment, and then walked through them, and a way opened for him. But they followed with increased impetuosity. Once they closed around him, and again he turned and faced them.

A little further on, as the crowd grew more and more vehement, and the clamorings for his life became more insistent, he darted suddenly up a dark alley, although he knew that should he begin to run his fate would be quickly sealed when caught. Strangely enough, he was not followed. It was many years before he learned why. On one occasion he was introduced to a big Japanese, then became a Christian, as the man who had once saved his life. It appeared that the man was a ring leader of the mob; Mr. Winn's attitude had led him to change his mind, and when the missionary ran up the alley he stopped in and barred pursuit. He had to knock down a number of men, and throw two into the river, but the pursuit was discouraged.

In sharp contrast to those stirring days, Mr. Winn, than whom no Caucasian is more popular with the Christians of the island empire, was called unanimously to become pastor of the new Dairen and Port Arthur church. When the attitude of the Japanese churches toward the missionaries is remembered, and it is recalled that in all Japan there is not another white pastor of a native congregation, this peculiar honor conferred upon Mr. Winn becomes the

most marked. The man himself is quiet, retiring and soft-spoken, without any signs of self-assertiveness.

The Church in a Cathedral.
Still other extraordinary honors were conferred upon the Winn—for Mrs. Winn is as popular as her husband with the Japanese, and herself a resourceful, tireless missionary. While the American consul was utterly unable to secure a home, one was provided, rent free, for the Winn family by the government. Even more noteworthy was the fact that the Russian cathedral was turned over to this infant Japanese church for its meetings. The Japanese Christians talked in the newspapers so much about this remarkable concession that the authorities were, after a time, obliged to withdraw it; but not until it had been found by the congregation that in location and construction the cathedral was unsuited to their purposes. A new building was furnished by the government and this is now in use, pending the erection of a church.

In this building two Sunday services are held. The congregations vary because of the shifting nature of the population. The army men who were responsible for the establishment of the church have all gone, and the new organization might have lapsed had it not been for the presence of the Winn family. Some of the leading men of Dairen were present the Sunday morning I attended service and in the evening there were upwards of a hundred men. In the afternoon Mr. Winn had a Bible class of 18—PLATES AND SHEETS.

With students and civilians, and Mrs. Winn one with policemen.

Except for the missionary's salary, the church is quite self-supporting. It is more aggressive than many long-established congregations in Christian lands, for it maintains, with no outside aid, a hospital and a commercial school for young men; with, naturally, religious features attached to both. The varied labors of Mr. and Mrs. Winn include writing frequent articles of a timely, practical sort for the Dairen daily newspaper.

A New War on Liaotung Peninsula.
The recent war which centered its most noteworthy features here held the whole world's attention. This present religious conflict, while less spectacular, is also strategic. Buddhism and Shintoism are not here in force or power. The ancient religious associations are lacking. The outward signs, such as idols and shrines of the ancestral creeds, are wanting. Christianity is here and displaying marked vitality. It looks like a rare chance for the latter.

In addition to Mr. Winn's work (he being the only American missionary on the peninsula) the Young Men's Christian association is serving the

soldiers, who still abound all over this region. Another laudable enterprise is that of rescue work, in which both the native church and the Y. M. C. A. are engaged, before it was given over to the Salvation Army. The reader must remember that the debris of war is the commonest sight here. The stranded camp followers, and all the harpies that follow in the wake of an army, are almost as numerous as the discarded army mules which trudge patiently over every road. As soon as hostilities were over, thousands of young girls were brought into Manchuria from Japan, many of them of incredibly tender years, and most of them actual slaves. Hundreds of these poor creatures have been rescued by the Christians.

Further up the peninsula, and throughout Manchuria, are the missions to the Chinese of the Scotch and Irish Presbyterian churches, which do not properly come within the scope of this article. During the war these men, who are far above average grade, did such conspicuous humanitarian service that their praise was sounded by Japanese, Russians and Chinese. Dr. Westwater, at Liaoyang, was officially mentioned by Marshal Oyama and given a substantial contribution for his hospital. The war correspondents likewise found shelter and succor within the homes of these sturdy Scotchmen and Irishmen.

One branch of Mr. Winn's work extends to Port Arthur, where there are a number of Christians. I also heard that one British Lutheran missionary is at work there, but I could not find him. In truth, war overshadows everything else at Port Arthur. The Japanese are pushing work on their new fortifications, and on the dismantling or restoring of the sunken Russian warships that still lie in the harbor. They seemingly have had no time to patch up the buildings wrecked in the siege; so that it appears as if the conflict had taken place only a week ago. There stands the hospital, bearing its blazing red cross, with its corner still a gaping wound. Churches, schools, office buildings and homes are all scarred or broken by the terrible fire. The spectacle is a heart-sickening one, making the visitor wish that some new missionaries of peace might convert the powers of civilization.

The best view of it all is from historic 203-Meter Hill, whence Port Arthur is seen as an open book. On the way thither—it is about three miles back of Port Arthur proper—I passed through a Chinese town, where I had my first experience of being called a "foreign devil." Two small boys ran after my carriage for half a mile, monotonously and spiritlessly repeating the epithet, as if it were a religious duty with them. Certainly they showed none of the signs of pleasure that a small boy usually displays when up to mischief. At the end of the village they waited for my return and repeated the performance. Very few visitors go to Port Arthur, but 203-Meter Hill, which is not now fortified, is apparently becoming a Japanese patriotic shrine.

The debris of that terrific assault is still to be seen upon the mountain—broken gun-carriages, fragments of shell, bullets, discharged cartridges and entrenchments. In one of the little holes which one of the soldiers had vainly dug for his protection I found part of a man's backbone—left that was left of a once brave soldier. The very top of the mountain was blown off by the battle. The whole country for miles about is pitted with the earth by the exploding shells, and entrenchments dug by the contending armies.

In all these tragic signs of war's devastation the thoughtful person must read the story or prophecy of another conflict. The white man has passed away from this peninsula, and the yellow has come in again. Have the old creeds of heathenism come, too? That depends, I take it, largely upon the caliber and number of missionary representatives who are dealing with the problem. The Japanese Christians on the peninsula have proved their fidelity and aggressiveness. They, cooperating with western representatives of the type of Mr. Winn, must early plant Christian enterprises for the incoming Japanese, up as far as Newchang (which, instead of Dairen, seems destined to remain the principal port of Manchuria) and as Moukden.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The Visionaries.
Two young women on the way to their places of business were on a Chestnut street car in the early morning, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Their cheerful talk largely concerned dress and wealth.

"Aggie," said the one to the other, "you ought to see my new silk. It's stunning. And the lace on it!" She rolled her eyes, for speech was inadequate to express the beauty of the lace.

Aggie replied that she should be "just crazy" till she had had a sight of the gown.

"But, Gladys," she said, "as I was saying, it must be grand to be rich and not have to work. I do get so tired."

"Rich!" echoed Gladys. "If I was rich I know what I'd do first of all. I'd buy enough silk dresses to last me 20 years. I love 'em so. What would you do?"

"Me?" returned Aggie, with a toss of the head. "If I had the money I'd want to ride to me job every morning in a cab."

Diplomatic Salesman.
An elderly woman entered a shop and asked to be shown some tablecloths. The salesman brought a pile and showed them to her, but she said she had seen those elsewhere—nothing suited her. "Haven't you something new?" she asked. The man then brought another pile and showed them to her. "These are the newest patterns," he said. "You will notice the edge runs right round the border and the center is in the middle." "Dear me, yes. I will take half a dozen of them," said the woman.

Wit.
A witty man is a dramatic performer. In process of time he can no more exist without applause than he can exist without air; if his audience be small, or if they are inattentive, or if a new wit defrauds him of any portion of his admiration, it is all over with him—he sickens and is extinguished. The applause of the theater on which he performs is so essential to him that he must obtain it at the expense of decency, friendship and good feeling.—Sydney Smith.

Painfully Exact.
A New England man tells of a prosperous Connecticut farmer, painfully exact in money matters, who married a widow of Greenwich possessing in her own right the sum of \$10,000. Shortly after the wedding a friend met the farmer, to whom he offered congratulations, at the same time observing: "It's a good thing for you, Malachi, a marriage that means \$10,000 to you." "Not quite that, Bill," said the farmer, "not quite that." "Why," exclaimed the friend, "I understood there was every cent of \$10,000 in it for you?" "I had to pay \$2 for a marriage license," said Malachi.

Released From Prison.
Pomeroy, O.—Banker E. C. Fox, of Middleport, is jail here for the past week under sentence of one year in the penitentiary, was released upon bond of \$2,500, pending a hearing by the circuit court on a motion for a new trial.

Fair Servant's Charge.
Bellefontaine, O.—Glen Schroufe, aged 17, has been bound over to the grand jury on a charge of criminal assault on Miss Mary Garber, aged 18. Miss Garber was employed at the Schroufe home as a servant.

Dropped \$400 in His Fall.
Youngstown, O.—Howard Green, aged 15, accused of stealing \$800 from his mother-in-law at Sharon, was arrested at Idora Park. He admits taking \$400, but a fall from the water wagon was too much for his tender years and he lost it all.

Corbin Guest of Old Regiment.
Hamilton, O.—Gen. Henry C. Corbin, U. S. A., was the guest of honor at the annual reunion of his old regiment, the 79th O. V. I., at Middletown. The reunion was attended by nearly 100 survivors.

Bondsmen Withdrew.
Kenton, O.—Two of the ten citizens who signed the \$5,000 bond of ex-Mayor Thomas B. Block have withdrawn their names from the instrument. The former Mayor is charged with forging mortgages aggregating about \$30,000.

Run Down By Motor Car.
Middletown, O.—Ellen Boyd, aged 5, daughter of George Boyd, vice president of the Merchants' National bank of this city, was run down by an automobile and probably fatally injured. Three of the child's ribs were broken.

From a Rafter.
Bethel, O.—When employes of William Zug, a farmer, entered his barn, they found him hanging from a rafter. He evidently had been dead several hours. The cause of the suicide is a mystery. When last seen alive he appeared in good spirits.

Assault Charged.
Cleveland, O.—Anna Rebb, 15, who was found unconscious in a stable, recovered sufficiently to give information on which Philip Franziska, aged 19, was arrested. He is charged with having enticed and assaulted the girl.

ARE PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS NOSTRUMS?

To one not qualified, and few laymen are, to discriminate intelligently between physicians' prescriptions, proprietary medicines and nostrums. It may seem little short of a crime to blatantly even that physicians' prescriptions are in any manner related to nostrums; nevertheless, an impartial examination of all the facts in the case leads irresistibly to the conclusion that every medicinal preparation compounded and dispensed by a physician is, in the strict sense of the word, a nostrum, and that the average, ready-prepared proprietary remedy is superior to the average specially-prepared physician's prescription.

What is a nostrum? According to the Standard Dictionary a nostrum is "a medicine the composition of which is kept a secret." Now, when a physician compounds and dispenses with his own hands a remedy for the treatment of a disease—and it is authoritatively stated that probably 60 per cent of all physicians' prescriptions in this country are so dispensed—the names and quantities of the ingredients which constitute the remedy are not made known to the patient. Hence, since its composition is kept a secret by the physician, the remedy or prescription is unquestionably, in the true meaning of the word, a Simon-pure nostrum. Furthermore, the prescription compounded by the average physician is more than likely to be a perfect jumble—replete with therapeutic, physiologic and chemical incompatibilities and bearing all the earmarks of pharmaceutical incompetence; for it is now generally admitted that unless a physician has made a special study of pharmacy and passed some time in a drug store for the purpose of gaining a practical knowledge of modern pharmaceutical methods, he is not fitted to compound remedies for his patients. Moreover, a physician who compounds his own prescriptions not only deprives the pharmacist of his just emoluments, but he endangers the lives of patients; for it is only by the detection and elimination of errors in prescriptions by clever, competent prescriptionists that the safety of the public can be effectually shielded from the criminal blunders of ignorant physicians.

Nor can it be said that the average physician is any more competent to formulate a prescription than he is to compound it. When memorized or directly copied from a book of "favorite prescriptions" by famous physicians, or from some text-book or medical journal, the prescription may be all that it should be. It is only when the physician is required to originate a formula on the spur of the moment that his incompetency is distinctly evident. Seemingly, however, the physicians of the United States are little worse than the average British physician; for we find Dr. James Burnett, lecturer on Practical Materia Medica and Pharmacy, Edinburgh, lamenting in the Medical Magazine the passing of the prescription and bemoaning the fact that seldom does he find a "final man" able to devise a prescription even in "good contracted Latin."

And what, if we are asked, is the status of the written prescription? The prescription that is compounded and dispensed by the pharmacist—is it, too, a nostrum? It may be contended that the patient, with the written formula in his possession, may learn the character of the remedy prescribed. So, possibly, he might if he understood Latin and were a physician or a pharmacist, but as he usually possesses no professional training and cannot read Latin, the prescription is practically a dead secret to him. Furthermore, the average prescription is so badly written and so greatly abbreviated that even the pharmacist, skilled as he usually is in deciphering medical hieroglyphs, is constantly obliged to interview prescribers to find out what actually has been prescribed. It may also be contended, that inasmuch as the formula is known to both physician and pharmacist the prescription cannot therefore be a secret. But with equal truth it might be contended that the formula of any so-called nostrum is not a secret since it is known to both proprietor and manufacturer; for it must not be forgotten that, according to reliable authority, 95 per cent of the proprietors of so-called patent medicines prepared in this country have their remedies made for them by large, reputable manufacturing pharmacists. But even should a patient be able to recognize the names of the ingredients mentioned in a formula he would only know half the story. It is seldom, for instance, that alcohol is specifically mentioned in a prescription, for it is usually masked in the form of tinctures and the fluid extracts, as is a great many other substances. It is evident, therefore, that the ordinary formulated prescription is, to the average patient, little less than a secret remedy or nostrum.

On the other hand, the formulas of nearly all the proprietary medicines that are exploited exclusively to the medical profession as well as those of a large percentage of the proprietary remedies that are advertised to the public (the so-called patent medicines) are published in full, every medicinal preparation entering interstate commerce is now required to have the proportion or quantity of alcohol, opium, cocaine and other habit-forming or harmful ingredients which it may contain plainly printed on the label. As physicians' prescriptions seldom or never enter interstate commerce they are practically exempt under the law. And if it be necessary for the public to know the composition of proprietary remedies, as is contended by those who through ig-

norance or for mercenary reasons are opposing the sale of all household remedies, why is it not equally necessary for patients to know the composition of the remedy prescribed by a physician? Does any sane person believe that the opium in a physician's prescription is less potent or less likely to create a drug habit than the opium in a proprietary medicine? As a matter of fact, more opium-addicts and cocaine-fetters have been made through the criminal carelessness of ignorant physicians than by any other means.

Unquestionably, there are a number of proprietary remedies on the market the sales of which should be prohibited, and no doubt they will be when the requirements of the Food and Drugs Act are rigidly enforced; many are frauds, pure and simple, and some are decidedly harmful. Of the average proprietary remedy, however, it may truthfully be said that it is distinctly better than the average physician's prescription; for not only is its composition less secret, but it is prepared for the proprietor by reputable manufacturing pharmacists in magnificently equipped laboratories and under the supervision and advice of able chemists, competent physicians and skillful pharmacists. It should not be considered strange, therefore, that so many physicians prefer to prescribe these ready-prepared proprietary remedies rather than trust those of their own devising.

JUST THE SAME AS CURRENCY.
Third Son Felt He Had Nothing to Reproach Himself with.

William Knoepfel, of St. Louis, has invented and hopes to patent a secret plying method for the cure of baldness. "A genuine cure for baldness," said Mr. Knoepfel the other day, "should make a man very rich. Why, men grow rich on fake cures. It is amazing, it really is, what fakes some of these cures are. Yet there's money in them." Mr. Knoepfel gave a loud, scornful laugh. "In their crookedness they remind me," he said, "of the third son of the old eccentric. Perhaps you have heard the story? Well, an old eccentric died and left his fortune equally to his three sons. But the will contained a strange proviso. Each heir was to place \$100 in the coffin immediately before the interment. A few days after the interment the three young men met and discussed the queer proviso and its execution. 'Well,' said the oldest son, 'my conscience is clear. I put my hundred in the coffin in clean, new notes.' 'My conscience is clear, too,' said the second son. 'I put in my hundred in gold.' 'I, too, have nothing to reproach myself with,' said the third son. 'I had no cash at the time, though; so I wrote out a check for \$200 in poor, dear father's name, placed it in the coffin and took in change the \$200 in currency that I found there.'"

PUSHED THE BEAR ASIDE.
Surveyor Tells of Experience He Does Not Care to Repeat.

To walk right up to a monster bear and try to shove it out of the way and then escape without so much as a scratch is an experience of a lifetime. Harry Engelbright found it so a few days ago in Diamond canyon, above Washington, says a Nevada City correspondent of the Sacramento Bee. The young man, son of Congressman Engelbright, has just returned from the upper country, where he has been doing some surveying, and relates his thrilling experience. It was coming on dusk, at the close of the day's work, in the brush-lined trail he saw protruding what he thought were the hind quarters of some stray bovine. He walked up and gave the brute a shove. It came to its haunches with a snort that made his hair rise and caused him to beat a hasty retreat. The big brute looked around and then shuffled off into the woods. It was either asleep or else so busy eating ants from an old log that it failed to hear the young surveyor, whose footsteps were drenched by the thick carpet of pine needles. Later it was learned that the same bear, a monster cinnamon, had killed a dog earlier in the day. The dog ventured too close and with one blow of its paw the big beast sent it hurtling yards away, dead as a doornail.

Magnifying Choir Leader's Voice.
In the old village of Braybrook in Northamptonshire, England, is a monster trumpet, five six inches in length, and having a bell-shaped end two feet one inch in diameter. The trumpet is made up of ten rings, which in turn are made up of smaller parts. The use of this trumpet—only four of the kind are known to exist at the present day—was to magnify the voice of the leader in the choir and summon the people to the church service. At the present time neither the choir nor the service is in need of this extraordinary "musical instrument," but the vicar of the church takes care of the ancient relic and is fond of showing it to all visitors.

STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

APPLIED THE TORCH

Because She Had Been Evicted, the Woman Told Her Officers.

Columbus, O.—With the assistance of two bloodhounds Special Deputy Fire Marshals Garrett Fox and Hamilton Dewese succeeded in encompassing Mrs. Minnie Thrash, who lives near Canal Winchester, and is charged with the burning of a stable belonging to her brother-in-law, Jess B. Thrash. The woman confessed. It is believed that the woman is temporarily deranged because of her having been evicted from her old home.

When her husband died her father-in-law gave her permission to live in a little house located on four acres of land until her children became large enough to support her. The property at the death of the old man was willed to the son, Jess. He at once told Mrs. Thrash that she would have to pay some rent, and her refusal was followed by the eviction.

To get even she is said to have set fire to both the barn and house, which were empty, and the former was completely destroyed. No warrant has been sworn to as yet. Two of the woman's daughters are well-known district school teachers.

POLLS OPEN TO WOMEN.

They Can Now Vote For Members of the Board of Education.

Columbus, O.—For the first time in the history of politics in the Capital City, women will be allowed to vote at primary elections. The board of deputy state supervisors of elections made an order throwing open the primary polls to female voters who desire to take part in the nomination for members of the board of education. They will be required to register and declare their party affiliations, however, before being permitted to mark their ballots and deposit them.

AS IN OLDEN DAYS

Rejected Lover Seeks a Duel, But Now Faces a Warrant.

Findlay, O.—"Name your time, place and weapons, Wallace, and you are challenged. You have the knowledge; the sonner the better, for it is either you or I." So wrote Oliver E. Hanks, of Findlay, to Edward E. Wallace several weeks ago.

Prosecutor David filed information against Hanks charging him with sending threatening letters through the mails. Both were in love with the same girl, but Wallace was the one the fair lady preferred.

Brown's New Job.

Columbus, O.—E. Frank Brown, of Montgomery county, an examiner in the bureau of public accounting, has been assigned to a position in the excise bureau of the auditor of state's office. He will take the position held by Deer Agler, who has been transferred as statistician for the office.

Fell From a Steamer.

Marletta, O.—William Bivans, 36, a wealthy business man of Pittsburg, Pa., who had been camping with friends on a bank of the Ohio river three miles above this city, fell from a steamer in the night and was drowned. The body was recovered and sent to Pittsburg for interment.

Shot Woman For Refusal of Money.
Akron, O.—Mrs. Vogin Miskow, 49, was fatally shot by a man at a construction camp on the new Lake Erie & Pittsburg road. The woman kept a boarding house. The man called her to the door and asked for money. She refused him and he shot her.

Dr. De Witte Is Elected.
Hamilton, O.—Dr. Norman W. De Witte, now professor of Greek in Washington university, St. Louis, was elected to the chair of Greek in Miami university, recently vacated by Dr. W. A. Eckels. It is said that he will accept the post.

His Last Sheaf.
Findlay, O.—Just as John Stine, aged sixty-two years, pitched his last sheaf of oats onto a wagon in the harvest field he fell dead. His son stood near him. Heart disease was the supposed cause.

Hanna's Mother-in-Law.
Cleveland, O.—Mrs. Daniel P. Rhodes, mother-in-law of the late Senator Hanna, died at her home here. Her husband was a noted Democratic politician and coal and iron magnate.

Wired to Roosevelt.
Toledo, O.—President Roosevelt has been asked by the local producers exchange to act as mediator in the telegraphers' strike. A telegram to that effect was sent to him.

Ohioan Is Chief Clerk.
Washington.—F. S. Curtis, of Mt. Vernon, O., has been appointed chief clerk of the navy department to succeed Benjamin F. Peters, deceased.

Released From Prison.
Pomeroy, O.—Banker E. C. Fox, of Middleport, is jail here for the past week under sentence of one year in the penitentiary, was released upon bond of \$2,500, pending a hearing by the circuit court on a motion for a new trial.

Fair Servant's Charge.
Bellefontaine, O.—Glen Schroufe, aged 17, has been bound over to the grand jury on a charge of criminal assault on Miss Mary Garber, aged 18. Miss Garber was employed at the Schroufe home as a servant.

Dropped \$400 in His Fall.
Youngstown, O.—Howard Green, aged 15, accused of stealing \$800 from his mother-in-law at Sharon, was arrested at Idora Park. He admits taking \$400, but a fall from the water wagon was too much for his tender years and he lost it all.

Corbin Guest of Old Regiment.
Hamilton, O.—Gen. Henry C. Corbin, U. S. A., was the guest of honor at the annual reunion of his old regiment, the 79th O. V. I., at Middletown. The reunion was attended by nearly 100 survivors.

Bondsmen Withdrew.
Kenton, O.—Two of the ten citizens who signed the \$5,000 bond of ex-Mayor Thomas B. Block have withdrawn their names from the instrument. The former Mayor is charged with forging mortgages aggregating about \$30,000.

Run Down By Motor Car.
Middletown, O.—Ellen Boyd, aged 5, daughter of George Boyd, vice president of the Merchants' National bank of this city, was run down by an automobile and probably fatally injured. Three of the child's ribs were broken.

From a Rafter.
Bethel, O.—When employes of William Zug, a farmer, entered his barn, they found him hanging from a rafter. He evidently had been dead several hours. The cause of the suicide is a mystery. When last seen alive he appeared in good spirits.

Assault Charged.
Cleveland, O.—Anna Rebb, 15, who was found unconscious in a stable, recovered sufficiently to give information on which Philip Franziska, aged 19, was arrested. He is charged with having enticed and assaulted the girl.

CLEMENCY FOR AGED CONVICT

Who Spent Nearly Four Decades in Pen Urged By Friends.

Columbus, O.—John Taborn, who has been a prisoner at the Ohio penitentiary since 1870, will likely be a subject of executive clemency within a short time. The aged convict is serving a life sentence for a murder committed in Delaware county.

For years he has been an inmate of the little insane asylum at the prison because of his quick temper and erratic actions. The physicians, however, say that his mind is not affected. The governor, who has been appealed to by the old man's friends, can do nothing until Taborn himself asks for mercy, according to the method prescribed by law. Although the second oldest prisoner in the United States in point of service, and although he has seldom been outside the walls in his long period of incarceration, the old fellow believes that he could still earn a livelihood if released.

WORK RUSHED

On the McKinley Monument and It Will Be Dedicated September 30.

Canton, O.—Justice W. R. Day, of the United States supreme court, announced that after a conference with Architect H. Van Buren, of Mazonie, N. Y., and Contractor George B. Maltby, of Buffalo, it was found that the national McKinley monument in this city could be finished in time for the dedication, September 30, as originally arranged, the date President Roosevelt has agreed to come and deliver the address of the day. There was some uncertainty as to its completion in time on account of fires in the Maltby shops destroying much material, but it is stated now that by extra efforts new machinery has been secured, and that both day and night forces are working at the shops to get the work done on time.

Nurse Held For Murder.
Youngstown, O.—David Job, who was shot by his sister-in-law, Sabina Kelly, died. He was shot when he was trying to force his attentions on her. She claimed that he has been intimate with her 60-year-old mother, and had lavishly spent her money. Miss Kelly, who is a nurse, is held for murder.

Accidentally Shot His Sister.
Bucyrus, O.—Harry Ellis, champion gun swinger of Company A, this city, shot his sister, probably fatally, while awaiting a revolver at his home in Crestline. He was doing tricks with the revolver when it was accidentally discharged, the bullet striking his sister beneath the eye.

Dayton Offices Tied Up.
Dayton, O.—The telegraph operators at the newspaper offices in this city, who were receiving the Associated Press report, went out on a strike after working an hour. Later the union operators of the Western Union and Postal telegraph offices quit their keys. The business here is almost paralyzed.

His Wife Saw Him Killed.
Youngstown, O.—In his anxiety to meet his wife, whom he saw approaching, Anthony Muldoon, watchman for the Lake Shore railroad at Petroleum, rushed across the tracks of the Youngstown & Southern Electric line and was instantly killed within sight of his wife.

Infirmity Improvements.
Defiance, O.—The contract for the erection of the new women's building and superintendent's residence at the Defiance county infirmary was awarded to C. C. Mumford & Sons of Hicksville, their bid being \$24,043.55. Work is to commence at once.

Quarterly Report Filed.
Columbus, O.—Secretary of State Thompson filed his quarterly report and also the annual statement of the taxes received under the Willis law. In the latter the receipts for the quarter amounted to \$67,982.30.

Toy Train Fatal.
Marletta, O.—Willard, the six-year-old son of Robert Smith, of this city, was fatally burned when playing with a toy train. He had placed lighted candles on the train, and the flames ignited his clothing.

Named As Delegate.
Hamilton, O.—Shadrach Brannon received a letter from Governor Harris appointing him a delegate to the National Convention of the American Prison Association, to be held in Chicago, September 14 to 19.

Union City, Ind., Selected.
Dayton, O.—The Miami Conference of the United Brethren Church decided to hold its next annual meeting in Union City, Ind. The initial session was largely attended and was opened by Bishop Mills.

Bondsmen Withdrew.
Kenton, O.—Two of the ten citizens who signed the \$5,000 bond of ex-Mayor Thomas B. Block have withdrawn their names from the instrument. The former Mayor is charged with forging mortgages aggregating about \$30,000.

Run Down By Motor Car.
Middletown, O.—Ellen Boyd, aged 5, daughter of George Boyd, vice president of the Merchants' National bank of this city, was run down by an automobile and probably fatally injured. Three of the child's ribs were broken.

From a Rafter.
Bethel, O.—When employes of William Zug, a farmer, entered his barn, they found him hanging from a rafter. He evidently had been dead several hours. The cause of the suicide is a mystery. When last seen alive he appeared in good spirits.

Assault Charged.
Cleveland, O.—Anna Rebb, 15, who was found unconscious in a stable, recovered sufficiently to give information on which Philip Franziska, aged 19, was arrested. He is charged with having enticed and assaulted the girl.